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21/10/19



**FORWARD, MARCH!**



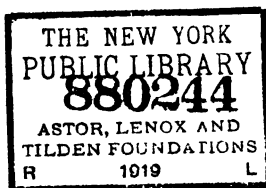
# FORWARD, MARCH!

BY  
ANGELA MORGAN

AUTHOR OF  
"THE HOUR HAS STRUCK," "THE IMPRISONED SPLENDOR,"  
"UTTERANCE AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY  
LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD  
MCMXVIII *EJ*

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**TO  
THE MILLIONS WHO HAVE OFFERED UP  
THEIR LIVES FOR FREEDOM**

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author is indebted to the editors of *Everybody's Magazine*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Hearst's Magazine*; To Houghton Mifflin Company and to The Red Cross organization, for permission to reprint certain poems in this volume; and to Mrs. Wm. G. McAdoo, Chairman, National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, etc.

## OPEN THE GATES

*Ye who so grandly went the way of death  
Singing Hosannas with your failing breath  
And now look back upon the life you spurned  
As on a childish trinket overturned,  
Seeing our globe as but a spinning toy  
Too frail and far to longer yield you joy—  
Open the gates for us, that we may hear  
Those vaster harmonies that thrill your ear;  
We, too, would gaze upon that nobler view,  
Would breathe the shining air that girdles you.  
God's remedy for man we, too, would know;  
To heal the ailing earth of all her woe.  
Open the gates for us, that we may find  
As you, the riddle solved for all mankind.*

*Ye who so brightly bridged the great abyss,  
One of you waits and yearns to answer this;  
I see the glimmer of your beckoning!  
Open the gates for me and I will swing  
Lightly as you across the enchanted gloom,  
Sprinkled so thickly now with souls abloom—  
Seeing the starry path your going made,  
I shall be unafraid.*



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I





## **FORWARD, MARCH!**

Yes, I believe in armies—  
Beautiful, sun-bright armies,  
Rising out of the ruins of war  
As riseth the morning star;  
Swift to the world's salvation,  
Splendid, equipped and strong,  
Not nation armed against nation,  
But men arrayed against wrong.  
Braving the perilous places  
Where evil and war begin,  
Where the deadliest woe of the race is—  
Smiting the foe within.

O men of the militant hour  
In your trappings of power,  
Quick to answer the battle-cry  
With your "Here am I!"  
Flaming as men should flame  
To avenge the shame  
Of Belgian mother and maid,  
Were your souls afraid  
That ye went not forth to battle in time of peace  
For daughters of shame who never may know release?  
Ye had heard of vice defiant,  
Ye knew how the traps were set—  
Did ye rise as a mighty giant,  
Or did your souls forget?

O militant boys, O militant men in your armoured  
    might,  
Swift to answer the call of the nation's right;  
Burning as men should burn to put to rout  
Terror and crime without;  
Marching forth with valour fierce  
Where the bombs of war are hurled,  
Where carrion claws of envy pierce  
The flesh of the failing world. . . .  
When shall ye seek the sources  
Where war and poverty breed,  
Fighting the world's real forces  
Of Cruelty, Lust and Greed?  
When shall ye cry, at the gates of the pitiless strong,  
"Enough! Ye have fattened too long!"  
When shall ye go where shame and lechery grin,  
Break the door, enter in,  
Lift the Magdalen's eyes:  
"Sister, arise!  
Too long for us have you walked the path of the dead,  
Too long have our lusts been fed."  
Yes, I believe in armies,  
Real men to fight real foes;  
Striking straight where the harm is,  
Where the root of avarice grows.  
O men who thrill  
To the bugle shrill,  
Have you ever seen  
The pitiful, lean  
Cheek of a starving child?  
Have you heard the wild

Desperate wail of the mother who could not pay  
Thrust to the icy street on a brutal day?  
Picture it now: a broken bed, a chair,  
A wretched shawl to cover her despair—  
Poor little wreck of a human mother's nest  
Sprawling upon the pavement's hostile breast!  
This have I seen, and more than my pen may tell—  
Yea, with these eyes have I looked on the depths of  
hell

Where men and women, better under the sod—  
Men and women, made in the likeness of God!—  
Rotted in filth and poverty and disease,  
While wealth went glittering by in its golden ease.  
Answer, world! When shall we fight for these?  
Which of you shall spring to the people's plight?  
Answer, soldiers! You who are trained to fight!

I saw two children, once—their mother in prison, I  
think—

God! Shall I put it in ink?

My shuddering flesh faints when I think of those  
children,

Think of their dirt, their red-eyed, horrible plight;

Even now as I write,

With the shield of the years between,

I am sick at what I have seen.

O men, O women, you shrink!

You raise offended hands to your horrified eyes—

Would you cure the sore by disguise?

Would you hide the festering wound with tinsel and  
lace?

Well, cover your face,  
Smile and smother your soul as you may,  
There will come a day! . . .

Yes, I believe in armies, weaponed with nobler laws,  
Marching straight  
To the enemy's gate  
To fight the human cause.  
Searching the leprous places  
Where sin and pestilence hide,  
Where the real foe of the race is,  
To smite the leer from the faces  
Of Privilege, Lust and Pride.  
Hail, men of the future!  
The world's real patriots ye;  
Above the dead  
I hear your tread  
That sets the people free!  
And I hear the fife, and I hear the drum,  
I hear the shouting wherever you come,  
And I see the glory in your face  
Who march to save the race.  
Justice shall be your weapon, and Truth the bomb  
you hurl,  
Flag of united nations the banner you unfurl.  
Hail, men of the present—do I hear your answering  
cry?  
“Here am I! Here am I!”

## THE FARM DRUDGE

His skin was cracked as leather, sunned too long,  
Furrows and little wrinkles ran a race  
Down the appalling thinness of his face  
As if in speed the sooner to forget  
The ancient curse within his forehead's sweat—  
So deep the brand of that eternal wrong.  
Beneath his hand, an implement past use  
Shambled and sputtered o'er the wilful grass;  
How should he bring the miracle to pass?  
From the rank growth where daring weeds had been,  
Summon a satin lawn of perfect green?  
His soul was sick, weaving its vain excuse.

A young-old man, his very hope snuffed out!  
Little they knew, who lounged beneath the trees,  
The stretch of such eternities as these.  
Little they knew, who romped and rode about—  
The curious and clever from the town—  
How the huge hammer of the sun beat down.  
Over the sward, with kind and graceful feet,  
Came the fair lady with her wools of grey;  
Often he saw her knitting through the day  
With brooding, downward eyes that noticed naught  
Save what her fingers fashioned, and her thought.  
That she should speak to him seemed scarcely meet.  
And so her words cleft through him like a knife—  
A stinging edge that struck his brain to life,

Jerking his bent head high to meet her gaze,  
His flabby muscles tightening in amaze:—  
“How beautiful to work here in the sod,  
Under the ever-watchful eye of God!”

And then she paused, with pity smitten cold.  
How tragic is the face too early old!  
“When do you rise?” she said. “At half past two.  
Down in the vineyard there’s a lot to do;  
And then the chores, and all the stock to feed” . . .  
She nodded now. No longer was there need  
Of any word from him. Her vision took  
The whole hot field of labour, with one look.  
Was it a thing she saw, or did she dream?  
A veil was lifted from the things that seem;  
Like sudden windows open to the day  
The outer husk of living fell away.  
Entombed behind that mummy mask of tan  
Smothered the soul of what was once a man.  
She heard him plead, she saw his hands reach out—  
Not his alone; she heard the helpless shout  
Of a whole race of beings such as he!  
They tore her heartstrings, praying to be free.  
Safe in her room, she still could hear their cries,  
Could see the devastation in their eyes.  
And she who but an hour ago had read  
Without a tear the long lists of the dead—  
So far away the battle horrors were—  
Beheld the mountains through a swimming blur.

Then like a bolt of light, the answer came—  
Why the whole seething world had burst in flame:—  
“How beautiful to work here in the sod,  
Under the eye of God!”

## **I WILL RISE**

I will rise when the workers rise,  
I will see with the workers' eyes.  
Why should I softly turn in bed  
If they rise up when the sun is red?  
Stern are the roads their feet must go  
Through parching heat or stinging snow;  
They sweep the whole world fair for me—  
And as they see, I, too, must see;  
And as they know, I, too, must know—  
I will rise when the workers rise!

I will rise to-day at the hour the workers keep—  
I will whip my soul from sleep.  
How may I know their cause is right  
If I sleep on till the sun is white?  
Their woe, I, too, must understand  
Whose toil hath made my fairyland.  
My back shall bend beneath their strain,  
Mine their courage and mine their pain,  
Mine their patience and mine their skill,  
Mine the push of their splendid will.

I will rise to-day as the vigorous workers rise,  
I shall see with the workers' eyes. . . .  
Flint-cold pavements and icy streets,  
Stones that clatter with hard hoof beats,  
Clanging cars and hurrying throngs,  
Ways of danger where death belongs:—



The forge, the loom, the sweatshop grim—  
All these, all these to share with him  
Who weaves my magic world for me;  
And as he sees, I, too, shall see.

I will rise to-day as the militant workers must,  
For I know their cause is just.  
I who suffer and I who bleed,  
My tongue shall plead as theirs shall plead.  
Mine their courage and mine their good,  
Mine their union in brotherhood.  
Oh ye who sleep in your soft white bed,  
Rise up, rise up when the sun is red.  
Go bravely forth as the workers go,  
For knowledge cometh only so!

## HYMN TO DEMOCRACY

I dreamed I saw a wonder-ship, a ship of gold, a  
ship of flame,  
And all the waters and the sky blazed ruddy as it  
came.

Its sails were made of living fire  
Fanned by the breath of God's desire  
And lifted human faces yearned  
To where the glory burned.  
O ship of light, O ship of gold,  
O ship of human brotherhood,  
What wealth of treasure in thy hold,  
And knowledge for the people's good!

I dreamed I saw a wonder-ship, a ship of fire, a  
ship of light  
Bound for a far and splendid goal,  
A barge of freedom for the soul  
Ablaze upon the night.  
Crowded from deck to deck was she  
With throngs that hungered to be free;  
From rail to rail and mast to mast  
A million hands were clinging fast  
To truth and justice, found at last.

O ship of fire, O ship of hope,  
O herald of a better day,  
Light up the way for those who grope,  
Light up the way, light up the way!

**Thy name is freedom from despair,  
Thy name is love, thy name is prayer  
And all the future thrills to see  
Thy mighty destiny.**



## II



## A SONG OF TENDER THINGS

The little, lapping, loving things,  
How tenderly they lie,  
Their bodies sacred to the sun  
And mothered by the sky;  
The gentle, purring, pretty things  
With delicate, dear breast—  
The kitten on the window ledge,  
The squirrel in his nest—  
The little, glossy, trembling things  
With whimpering, soft cries,  
I see God look at me sometimes  
Out of their limpid eyes.  
And often in the twilight hush  
I think I hear Him speak  
Through fragile, frightened, furry things  
That are so greatly weak.

The tiny, tender birdling things,  
How wondrously they fly,  
The flutter of God's happiness,  
The laughter in his eye.  
And all the bubbles of bright song  
Flung from a thousand throats—  
The bobolink's, the meadow lark's,  
The thrush's liquid notes,  
Oh, fields of buttercups are there—  
Or so the story's told—  
To catch the shower of sweet song  
In chalices of gold.

The little, darting, chirping things  
With downy wings and sweet,  
I think they chatter oft of us  
Who trudge with mortal feet,  
And wonder why we seldom sing  
And still more seldom play;—  
The rhythms of eternity  
Flow through them all the day.

O Life that leaps within them all,  
Mysterious and fine,  
Thou hast a myriad shapes of light  
Within this world of thine;  
The stars, the flowers, the roads, the hills,  
People and rocks and trees.  
Thou hast a host of children, Life,  
But none so dear as these.



## WOOD HATH A SOUL

Wood hath a soul; sometimes I dimly feel it,  
As though a mystic moment might reveal it.  
As though the insensate were no longer dumb,  
It calls and cries and quivers till I come;  
Until the cold thing that my fingers press  
Trembles to flame and sudden loveliness.

This table whereon I write,  
Winningly striped and mellow,  
The blurred with the bright,  
The brown with the yellow,  
Russet and rich as harvest under the sun—  
What lion in his lair  
Hath a coat more richly done?  
What woman's hair,  
Melting in polished brown through lifted hands  
Hath caught Creation's light in lovelier ways?  
Wood hath a soul; and from the burning lands  
Garners the secret of September's blaze,  
Captures October like a jewel set  
Within a prism earth may not forget.

Nor hath this common door less beauty. See  
What intricate and exquisite design  
Travels within its fibre ceaselessly.  
Through the unfeeling oak and callous pine,  
Pushing and pulsing like a conscious thing  
A force, a skill beyond our reckoning

Telleth the hardy timber to rehearse  
The varied splendour of the universe.  
Prisons the shell, the star, the lightning's leap,  
The brown abundance of autumnal good.  
The zebra's stripe, the storm, the ocean's deep.  
In the enchanted substance we call Wood.

## AFTERGLOW

When the hills come down to drink  
From the twilight's purple well,  
At the valley's tender brink,  
Ere they huddle close to rest,  
Shineth Venus like a bell  
Calling, calling from the west.

When the hills come down to taste  
Of the mellow afterglow,  
Softly, softly, without haste,  
Making music as they go,  
Faint and rhythmically slow,  
Earth is all a shadowed pool  
Where the soul may drink its fill;  
Where the fretful human will  
In the darkness and the cool  
Seeth Venus like a flower  
Hanging silver in the west,  
Swinging in her saffron tower,  
Calling, calling like a bell.  
And the heart may find its rest,  
Deeply knowing all is well.

## IN THE MEADOW

Flowers and grasses associate!  
Down in the yard by the friendly gate  
I saw them bending and nodding to-day,  
Loving each other in lightsome play,  
With never a hint of scorn or hate.

But human beings, of separate classes,  
Never mingle, as flowers and grasses;  
Never gather the joy they might,  
Passing from each to each God's light.  
There are the *few*, and there are the *masses*;  
Which do you think shows the higher sight?  
The town or the meadow—which is right?

## YELLOW ROSES

All the gay blossoms of the spring were mine  
To pluck and carry, treasure and adore;  
All the dear flowers of the hedge and vine  
Heartened my room; in happiness I bore  
Branches of sweet syringas, bridal-white,  
And peonies that matched the purplish red  
Of the untutored rose in country bed.

Yet one surpassing bloom, as if by fate  
Eluded all my seeking, all my will;  
Either too early was I, or too late  
For circumstance my longing to fulfil.  
Once, racing by to take a train for town,  
I saw a bush like sunlight beckon me.  
Again, from a far terrace laughing down  
As I sped past, with not a moment free. . . .

The teasing sight of their soft petals woke  
A hundred wells of feeling in my soul;—  
Was it the bygone centuries that spoke,  
Or brief earth memories that made me whole?—  
Scarcely I know; but when the town's grim wall  
And grimmer life their winter prison make,  
The richest, sweetest memory of all  
Will be the roses that I did not take!

## THE AWAKENING

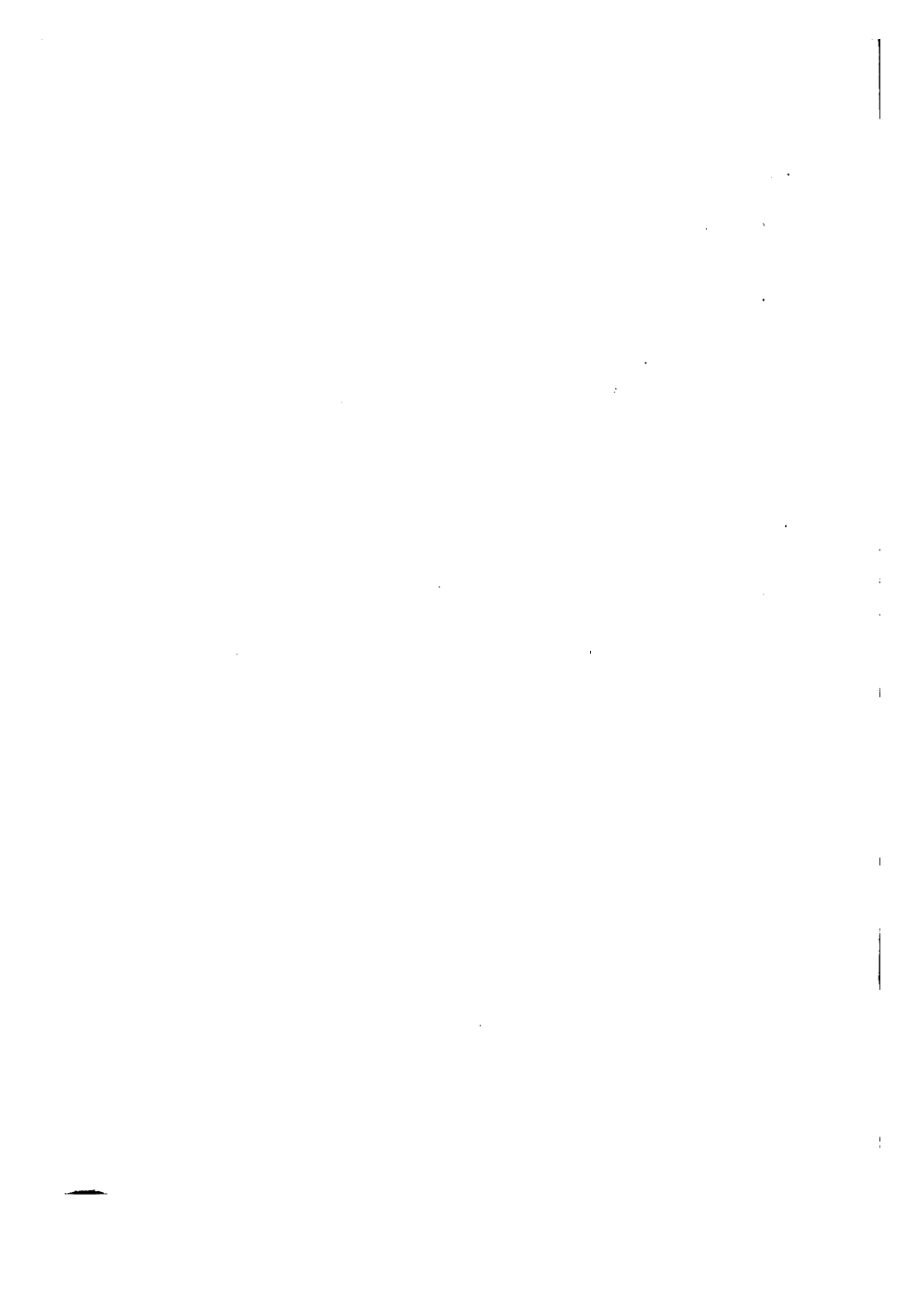
You little, eager, peeping thing—  
You embryonic point of light  
Pushing from out your winter night,  
How you do make my pulses sing!  
A tiny eye amid the gloom,  
The merest speck I scarce had seen—  
So doth God's rapture rend the tomb  
In this wee burst of April green!

And lo, 'tis here—and lo! 'tis there—  
Spurting its jets of sweet desire  
In upward curling threads of fire  
Like tapers kindling all the air.  
Why, scarce it seems an hour ago  
These branches clashed in bitter cold;  
What Power hath set their veins aglow?  
O soul of mine, be bold, be bold!  
If from this tree, this blackened thing,  
Hard as the floor my feet have prest  
This flame of joy comes clamouring  
In hues as red as robin's breast  
Waking to life this little twig—  
O faith of mine, be big! Be big!

## **AUTUMN IN THE MOUNTAINS**

**The hills are clothed with the heavens,  
The heavens flow as a sea;  
From billows of sun and shadow  
God's glance looks out at me.  
O ye who doubt the Creator,  
Will ye say what Sovereign Mind  
Hath summoned the mountain's canvas  
And painted the wheeling wind?**

**Ye who have said no God is,  
And reckoned without His hand,  
Will ye look where the rainbow sod is  
A pæan across the land?  
The hills are hung with the heavens,  
The heavens roll as a sea;  
Only a space  
From the lifted face  
Thunders Eternity!**





### III



## **SWING OUT, MY SOUL**

**Swing out, my soul, till you reach  
The message the planets teach;  
I am tired of the teachings of men,  
I am weary of book and pen;  
Of faiths whose roots are bred in lust,  
Of creeds that rot in crimson dust.  
What creed can make the sick world whole?  
Swing out, my soul!**

**Swing out, my soul, till you spell  
The lesson the Heavens tell.  
My heart is worn with earthly speech;  
Swing boldly out, my soul, to reach  
The star-spread pages of the sky  
Where man's desire is God's reply.  
He who hath spun the shining air  
Wove not the web of man's despair.  
Swing clear, swing true, swing high and higher—  
Leap like the primal flame of fire  
High up where rainbow visions span  
Creation's virgin thought of man.**

**Swing out on that ethereal sea  
As swimmers breast Eternity.  
Swing out, my soul, swing boldly out  
Through straits of sorrow, gulfs of doubt;  
Wash from my lips the cruel taste  
Of years that reek with human blood;  
My spirit strangles in the flood,**

Swept on in war's transcendent waste.  
Spurn the black trough of unbelief,  
Scale the high waves of mortal grief,  
Swing grandly forth, my soul, to find  
The salt blue ocean of God's Mind.  
Undo the dream that men have died,  
Unfashion all the deeds of hate,  
Tell us the battlefields have lied,  
That men are still immaculate.  
Swing out, swing up to that high place  
Where the great dreams of God come true;  
Where Love shall bring the nobler race,  
And all things are created new!

### **THREE GREEN TREES**

**Three green trees marching up a hill;  
Three high points of the human will.  
The goals of the human will are these:  
The will to be, the will to do,  
The will to look into God's eyes  
Like those intrepid, towering trees  
Whose turrets pierce the skies.  
But trees may see their dreams come true,  
While man—his hill is hardly crowned  
Before another hill is found!**

## THE ILLUSION

As I came gliding down from sleep  
As from a height too great to keep  
Without the saving depth of day,  
I heard a voice beside me say:  
"Be not deceived by that bright span  
Which frames the feeble life of man.  
Be not confused or led astray  
By time, which maketh night and day.  
For night is but the brilliant spark  
Flung from the anvil of the dark;  
And days are thrusts from out the sun  
Where God and man and time are one."

I looked, but could not see his face;  
I only saw the blinding space  
Whereon his shining feet were pressed,  
The fire that sprayed his kingly breast  
And showed his mantle, fold on fold  
Brodered in bands of sacred gold.  
And I, too, seemed to stand with him  
Upon the æther's burning rim,  
My soul the centre of that blaze  
Which flings the earth's diurnal rays.  
My self the blue fire burning fierce,  
The wheel whose points of glory pierce  
To east and west and south and north.  
I heard the little hours rush forth  
Like skimming swallows, heard the years,

Complaining with their tiny fears,  
Scamper like leaves within the blast;  
And like a great storm roaring past  
A thousand years went forth from me  
And plunged into Eternity.

“Be not deceived; thy soul had birth  
In spaces vaster far than earth;  
No time can touch the spirit's grace,  
Nor time can mar the shining face  
Of him who knoweth well his source.  
No alien blight, no earthly force  
Can rob him of his heritage.  
For him is neither death nor age  
Who spans the universe as thou  
And knoweth man immortal now.  
Couldst thou but share God's thought of thee,  
Mortal no longer wouldst thou be.  
The solid ground would roll away;  
Thou, too, couldst shoulder the bright day,  
Gather the sea and grasp the sun,  
And spin the earth as a top is spun.”

As I came gliding down from sleep,  
These are the words he bade me keep.  
And now with daylight in my eyes  
I still can view that Paradise.  
I still can see the fluttering white  
Of him who vanished from my sight.

Though tethered here on earth, I reach  
To hear again celestial speech.  
No man can take that truth away—  
“Be not deceived by night, or day!”



## **I HAVE MEAT**

Life, who art bitter to my need  
And cruel to my body's cry;  
Who mockest when thou dost not feed  
And smilest when thy martyrs die,  
Thou hast no terror or defeat,  
Thou hast no challenge to destroy  
What burns within me, strong and sweet—  
My heart's unalterable joy.  
What should I ask of meat or wine  
Who have the milk that madness spills?  
From brimming breasts of April hills  
My soul may draw a drink divine.

What should I seek of wine or food  
That brain and muscle may not tire?  
I, who am drunken with thy good  
And eager with thine inner fire?  
I, who may drain the sacred brew  
Of human lore from age to age;—  
The splendour that Mohammed knew,  
Savonarola's mystic rage—  
The triumphs of the great and wise  
Through centuries of sacrifice;  
I, who may lave me in the stream  
Of Homer's heart and Phidias' dream,  
What other chalice need I know?  
And what have I to do with bread  
Who have this golden cup instead—  
The faith that fired Galileo?

My veins are rivulets that find  
The ocean surges of the race;  
My freshened pulses keeping pace  
To all the passion of mankind.  
How weak the dull, material cup  
How faint the frenzied moment's gain  
To these high beauties that I sup  
Poured from the world's delicious pain.  
O flaming lovers everywhere,  
You know no rapture that I miss.  
My nerves melodiously aware  
Behold me nourished by your bliss!  
O heroes, streaming up the sky  
Shedding your clay upon the sod,  
My soul is richer as you die  
And I am closer still to God!

As one who all-enchanted sips  
An endless potion, deep and red,  
The world's great goblet at my lips,  
What should I seek of wine or bread?  
Let me but feel the mighty whirl  
Of God's great pulses, strong and sure  
Stupendous in my being stir,—  
And all my powers shall endure.

Life, who art cruel to my cry  
And givest but a crust to eat,  
Thine ardent lover still am I—  
For I have meat!

## THE OCEAN

I dreamed that I was drifting out to sea  
With waves of onyx beauty under me—  
Changing to clearest colour of bright jade  
Where the late sun sent down a parting blade.  
Never were earthly waters quite so fair;  
Leaping, they seemed to light the very air  
As by a brilliance stranger than the moon,  
Till twilight strengthened suddenly to noon.  
Exulting waves grew brighter and more bright  
In restless, ever-changing squares of white—  
A million tiny shapes—nay, millions more;  
They tossed and tumbled toward an unseen shore.

And I, who kneeled to scan them closer yet,  
Reaching as if to touch them with my hands,  
Saw page on page inked out in sparkling jet—  
The million, million letters of all lands.  
Mingling and whirling in one central sea,  
Words and the souls of words flashed back at me.  
All the high secrets of the human heart,  
And souls of nations, hidden in their pride,  
Sentence by sentence, sacred part by part  
Opened their pages in one common tide.  
Till all at once, the seething mass became  
One single word that o'er the ocean swept—  
And at the vision of that blessed name  
The dream fell from me and I, waking, wept.



# IV



## LOVE SONG IN WAR TIME

O mate of mine, wherever you are to-night,  
Swept away on the wind of War's command  
With only time for a sob and a wave of the hand—  
Do you hear the rush of my soul that follows your  
flight

Under the awful doom of Europe's woe—  
Do you hear my heart that calls wherever you go?  
O lad of mine, do you hear, do you know?  
Over and under the earth from sun to sun,  
Running swift and sure as the lightnings run,  
Cleaving the storm and triumphing over the sea  
Where death nor demons of death can frighten me,  
I come, I come, my lad! Do you hear my cry?  
It is I, it is I!

O mate of mine, from over the fields of flame,  
Breasting a thousand miles of earth and sky  
I would hear the rushing sound of your soul's reply—  
I would know if you spoke my name!  
I would hark, I would hark  
Till the message came  
Sweet as the golden bugle out of the dark.  
O lad of mine, they may tear us heart from heart,  
But war nor hell may sunder our souls apart.  
For God, who mated us ever the worlds were swung  
And matched our lives on a chain as gems are strung,  
He sends the secret thought of your mind to me,  
Over the land and under the yielding sea—

**Your wonderful, masterful voice, my love, my mate,  
Mounting the winds of the world when the day is late.**

**Over the crashing earth it comes to me,  
Braving fire and flood in its ecstasy,  
Winging high o'er the land as the wireless wings  
When goal to goal the ethereal message springs;  
Piercing the dark and striding the city's din  
Till the terrible shout of war grows far and thin;  
Reaching my ears at last, on my heart unfurled—  
Your voice, my mate, which comes to me over the  
world!**



**SAVIOURS**  
*(To the Red Cross)*

Yours is the daring skill to tread  
The waters of a world at war;  
Yours is the miracle to shed  
Where rocking seas of hatred are,  
Courage and comfort, like a star.  
You cry unto an earth dismayed—  
And God is thrilling in your tone—  
“Brothers, the ship is not alone;  
Be not afraid!”  
Ye are the Christs of this black hour,  
The great physician come again,  
Within your sacred hands the power  
To heal the race of men.

Ye hold the hurt world to your breast,  
Ye bind her bruised and broken soul;  
The sick, the maimed and the opprest—  
Yours is the gift to make them whole.  
And where the stricken miles unroll  
Ye sound the resurrection morn;  
Above the bier where Justice lies  
With visions of an age new born  
Ye bid the dead arise!  
O world, that walkest now in tears  
Where Truth again is crucified  
After the thousand, thousand years—  
See ye that Christ is not denied!

## ROOF TENANTS

Snow and silver, azure and black,  
Hurdles of gold where the sun leaps high,  
Keen as an athlete to spurn the track  
While plaudits ring in the swarming sky—  
Splendid pageants are these that wait  
With spears of sapphire at morning's gate.  
Ye who lie in your beds till late,  
Sons of comfort, ye may not share  
Skies of silver and snow and jet  
With these, the children of hot despair.  
Poverty's sons, they parch and fret  
In summer's oven, that burns too bright—  
But skies are merciful, skies are fair  
To those who lie on the roofs all night.  
Though all unkempt and loveless things  
Surround the body, still the soul  
May see the sky and claim its wings,  
The sick and weary be made whole.  
Nor chimneys, barren of all grace,  
Nor bricks, whose shelter walls them in  
Like some stern penalty for sin  
Can hide the splendour of God's face!

## **WHO SHALL SING?**

**"Glory to God, the radiant King!"**  
**So of the Christ; and who shall sing**  
**The million babes who come to birth**  
**In holes and hovels of the earth?**  
**And tell me, churches, who shall pray**  
**The living Son of Man to-day**  
**Whose anguished mother hath no bed,**  
**And he nowhere to lay his head?**  
**("One is your father, even One")**  
**So spake the Christ, the heavenly Son.**

**"Glory to God, on earth, good will!"**  
**But tell me, nations, who shall thrill**  
**And worship at the shrine of him**  
**Who cometh without cherubim?**  
**Oh, sweet shape from the Potter's hand!**  
**God still is love, and love the brand!**  
**("Better the lonely babe were dead!")**  
**And yet—"She loveth much," Christ said.**

## CONQUERORS

*(To the Aviators)*

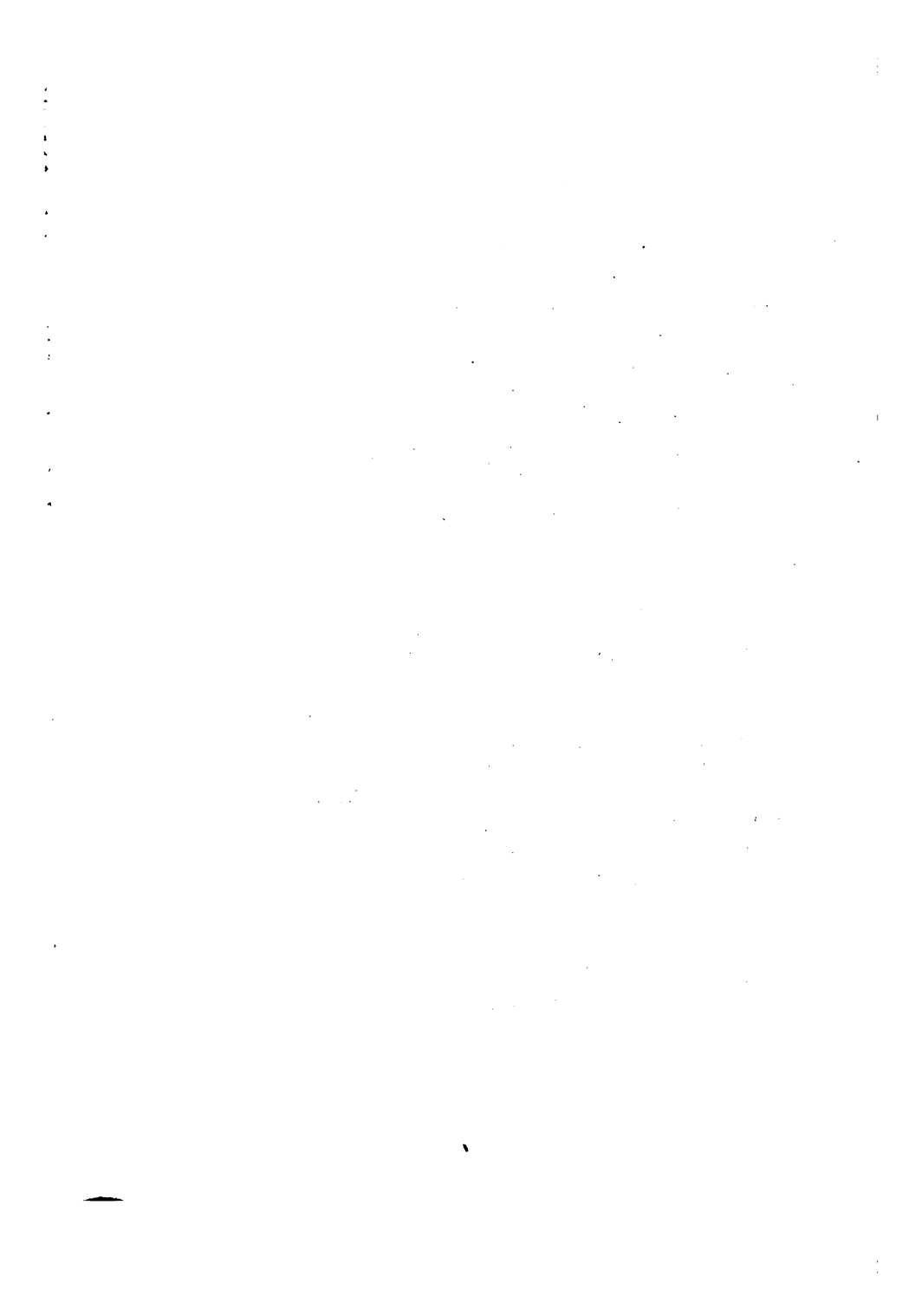
Ye who ascend into the cosmic blue,  
Pledged to the glory of a mighty cause,  
Clean-stript of cowardice, of self devoid,  
Laughing to see the sudden yearning jaws  
Of death below you in the swimming void—  
How shall we name a tribute fit for you?  
How shall we build a monument whose height  
Shall match the marvel of your splendid flight?

Soldiers ye are, before whose glorious deed  
Praise topples prone and petty lips are dumb.  
Ye gladly forfeit life and all it brings,  
That in the kindling centuries to come,  
Men, free as gods, shall cleave the air with wings,  
Shall stride their superstitions as a steed;  
Mounting with ecstasy the waiting herds  
Of willing clouds, unfettered as the birds.

Brave navigators ye, in ships of air,  
Heralds of progress, servants of the race.  
Great as Columbus was and yet more bold,  
Ye plumb the regions of uncharted space  
That millions now unborn shall yet be told  
How mind has conquered matter everywhere!  
Ye dare, that man may see himself supreme—  
Lord of the air, and master of his Dream.

## IN SPITE OF WAR

In spite of war, in spite of death,  
In spite of all man's sufferings,  
Something within me laughs and sings  
And I must praise with all my breath.  
In spite of war, in spite of hate  
Lilacs are blooming at my gate,  
Tulips are tripping down the path  
In spite of war, in spite of wrath.  
"Courage!" the morning-glory saith;  
"Rejoice!" the daisy murmureth,  
And just to live is so divine  
When pansies lift their eyes to mine.  
The clouds are romping with the sea,  
And flashing waves call back to me  
That naught is real but what is fair,  
That everywhere and everywhere  
A glory liveth through despair.  
Though guns may roar and cannon boom,  
Roses are born and gardens bloom;  
My spirit still may light its flame  
At that same torch whence poppies came.  
Where morning's altar whitely burns  
Lilies may lift their silver urns  
In spite of war, in spite of shame.  
And in my ear a whispering breath,  
"Wake from the nightmare! Look and see  
That life is naught but ecstasy  
In spite of war, in spite of death!"



**v**





## **SPEAK TO ME WITH EYES OF LOVE**

**Speak to me with eyes of love!  
Eyes of friendship may be kinder,  
But my soul would have reminder  
Of the years we knew before.  
Dost remember how, of yore,  
Long ago, in primal splendour  
You and I were lovers tender?  
Lovers fierce and strong were we  
In an age sublimely free.  
And my haunted heart goes back  
All along the ancient track. . . .**

**Look at me with eyes of love!  
Eyes of friendship have no token  
When the soul is stript and broken.  
Eyes of friendship are no truer . . .  
O, my comrade, be my wooer,  
Be my lover and pursuer  
That the Dreamer in my heart  
May arise and play her part.  
That the singer in my spirit  
Lift her gladdened wings to hear it,  
O my Lover, to my soul  
Speak the word that makes me whole!**

## IT IS MY GLORY

It is my glory that I lie here under the sky,  
Dumb with the dearth of my own being,  
Spent with the wanton grief of my soul  
And kin to all sad things that are sadder than I. . . .  
It is my glory.

Life is a harp with the strings gone,  
A frame of tawdry gold, which, when I touch,  
My fingers find emptiness only.  
Life is an instrument I may no longer play,  
And I, the player, have come up among the mountains  
Seeking comfort where no comfort is.

Never again may I be eager, turbulent, afire with  
living;  
Never again may I push forth with royal thrust  
To meet the arriving Day.  
I am bereft, I am bereft of thee,  
O my Beloved!  
And all days to me henceforth are as darkness  
Forevermore.

Where is the self that once was beautiful—  
The glowing entity that flashed from me like sunlight—  
Where is my own presence, the loveliness that once  
was I?  
Gone as a garment slipping into silence

Even as waves slip back into the devouring sea.  
I am a voice, wailing, yet there is no sound;  
I am prayer where no answer cometh;  
I am a light shining where no æther carries,  
My soul a star whose beams may never reach the  
earth.

Nothing that goes from out my heart arrives;  
Nothing that aches within myself escapes into the  
air,

Or yet, escaping, finds answer anywhere.

Life is a vast sea of waters, where the dove may fly  
forever

And find no rest for her beating wings . . .

O Love, O my Love!

To find you, and in that same hour to be bereft.

I, who was a living soul,

Am now no longer even woman;

I am sent backward along the plains of time

To the dull mind of beast or plant or stone—

Yea, backward, far backward have I gone

As if my very being stopped and all that spoke and  
sang in me

One time, had ceased forever.

It is my glory that, looking on yon burnished moun-  
tain

Flaming its autumn passion to the astonished sky

There leaps in me no spark, no spray, no single jet  
of joy,

My heart a stone that turns not, my pulses winter-  
locked

Within September sun.

Sea on sea of crimson, under a sapphire dome;  
Riotous, abundant brown bursting into purple,  
Hills resplendent with an insane and reckless  
glory,

Air like the spilling of all heavenly wines at once;  
Yet I, like a log lying impervious,  
Unanswering in the midst of all answering things.  
Even so gazeth the animal in the field; who seeing  
wave on wave of summer bloom

Blankly beholdeth, yet seeth not.

All is a gorgeous canvas, pricked with holes for light;  
All is paint and useless cloth, within a gaudy frame.  
I will thrust my hand through it . . . and the can-  
vas will crumple;

The painted trees break into futile pigment, the sky  
collapse into its own nothingness.

Life is a harp with the strings gone!

My hands may reach, and reach eternally . . .

It is my glory that love, unanswered, hath thus ex-  
tinguished me.

Love that were less, deserved no name of love;

Call it not weakness, ye who scoff and scorn;

And had ye love like mine, and had your sons and  
daughters, too, such love,

God would give beautiful people yet to the world,  
With minds like the mind of my dearest; a soul like  
his soul;

**And sinews that sing in their strength as sing the dear  
bones in his body;**

**Yea, God's own race would yet people the earth! . . .**

**It is my glory that I lie here under the sky,**

**And beat upon brassy portals that open not;**

**The whole universe hath become as brass.**

**I beat upon you, I beat upon you, O brazen silence,**

**And call upon a God who answers not!**

## GRIEF

Upon this trouble shall I whet my life  
As 'twere a dulling knife;  
Bade I my friend be brave?  
I shall still braver be.  
No man shall say of me,  
"Others he saved, himself he cannot save."  
But, swift and fair  
As the Primeval word that smote the night—  
"Let there be light!"  
Courage shall leap from me, a gallant sword  
To rout the enemy and all his horde,  
Cleaving a kingly pathway through despair.

## YOU HAVE COME BACK

You have come back to me, who seemed forsaken,  
You have come back, through all the gates of grief;  
No sign to show the path your steps have taken  
Over the plains of woe, to my relief.

You have come back! The shrouded hills awaken,  
The dim and dusty grass puts forth a flame,  
And sullen trees with ecstasy are shaken  
To sing your name.

Nor look, nor word across the day is uttered  
To span the silence reaching stern and far,  
Yet, Dear, your message to my heart has fluttered  
Like a swift-falling star.

O Love, what miracle hath wrought this madness  
For us, whose frozen hearts so long were dumb?  
Dreaming, I heard the first far note of gladness;  
Through corridors of sleep I saw you come.

Now through the night my soul shall seek its mating,  
Swift as a bird to the appointed nest,  
To find the blessedness that knows no sating  
In the enduring haven of your breast.

## CHOICE

I'd rather have the thought of you  
To hold against my heart,  
My spirit to be taught of you  
With west winds blowing,  
Than all the warm caresses  
Of another love's bestowing,  
Or all the glories of the world  
In which you had no part.

I'd rather have the theme of you  
To thread my nights and days,  
I'd rather have the dream of you  
With faint stars glowing,  
I'd rather have the want of you,  
The rich, elusive taunt of you  
Forever and forever and forever unconfessed  
Than claim the alien comfort  
Of any other's breast.

O lover! O my lover,  
That this should come to me!  
I'd rather have the hope for you,  
Ah, Love, I'd rather grope for you  
Within the great abyss  
Than claim another's kiss—  
Alone I'd rather go my way  
Throughout eternity.



## COMMUNION

You said you would close the door,  
That temptation come no more.  
And my soul went down in the night  
When the outer door swung tight. . . .  
But the inner door flew wide!  
Since then are you by my side;  
Since then are we face to face  
In the spirit's real embrace.  
And I call to you in the day  
And I speak to you in the dark—  
Whatever my soul would say  
Your spirit will lean and hark.  
You said you would close the door—  
Can a word blot out the sun?  
We only possess the more—  
And living has just begun.

## THE GREATER LOVE

Did you hear me in the wind, O my lover?  
Did you see me in the rush and bending of boughs  
in the storm,  
Green upon green embracing, retreating, emerging  
like waves of the sea,  
Shaking great plumes of passionate light and  
shadow . . .  
Did you see me, lover, in any of these?

Did you hear me in the dawn, O my lover—  
Did you hear me in the warbling of birds?  
Or compass me in field on field of gold-starred  
meadow  
Pulsing in rhythmic billows under the sun? . . .  
Did you see me at night in the riot of fireflies—  
Gorgeous, untamable, barbaric, beautiful  
Even as winged stars from an Orient sky?  
Yea, in truth have you seen me in all of these,  
For since loving you my heart has grown large as  
the world,  
Encompassing and understanding all things;  
In truth have I entered the very elements and become  
All that your eyes behold, all that your hands touch  
or your senses taste,  
All that your spirit apprehends.  
One thought of love from you, though never from  
your lips escaping,  
Has liberated my pent spirit,

Sent me soaring, spreading, streaming,  
Until there is no cage anywhere in the universe for  
me.

Did you see me in the rose bloom, lover?  
Did my face smile on you from the clouds?  
Think not, O heart of hearts, that your imagination  
has cheated you,  
For I am literally everywhere,  
Since your spirit calls me everywhere.  
And I am become wide as vapours, ethereal as light,  
and so ecstatically swift  
That only a beckoning flash from the tree tops is  
needed  
To send me winging into the sunshine, free as a butterfly  
And with the pinions of a bird.  
Heard you a fluttering above your head,  
Delicate as bird's wings?  
Did you feel me on your heart as a sunbeam, lover?  
Did my spirit slant across your shoulders, tremble  
upward to your cheek  
And touch your eyes with ineffable caresses?  
All this am I to you, O Beloved!  
Because your heart has called to me across all barriers  
And disembodied me forever.



**VI**

**NOTE:—**This poem, **THE BRIDE OF DREAMS**, was written before the author had heard of the play, "**PETER IBBETSON**," founded on Du Maurier's novel of that name. And when, later, she saw the play, it was a revelation to discover the themes to be identical: A man and woman, deeply in love, but forbidden any expression of it in actual life, are able in sleep to really go to each other in that realm of the invisible where the real self may act apart from bodily limitations.

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# THE BRIDE OF DREAMS

## I

### *My Bridegroom*

My bridegroom comes to me at night,  
Through mystic lanes of azure flight,  
Within a garden weirdly made  
Of wedded moon and shade;  
A magic meadow of the soul  
Where wounded hearts again are whole—  
A garden blooming out of air,  
Swung from the pillars that upbear  
The zephyr weight of Heaven's stair.  
Ah, Sweet, we little knew that when  
Life challenged us to sacrifice,  
Love planned for us this dear device  
That we might meet again;  
We little knew that God could take  
The fabric of our heart's desire—  
That from our anguish He could make  
A fairy country, spire on spire,  
And from the essence of our pain  
Could weave a garden, soft as rain,  
Fashioned of every lost delight,  
Where we could walk at night.

We little dreamed our hearts could climb  
The hills of sorrow to this place,

Hollowed so gently out of time,  
Woven so deftly out of space;  
Nor knew we how love's thwarted pain  
Could rise in rhythm and refrain;  
That earth is only Heaven's soil  
And all its struggle and its toil,  
Its raptures bitterly denied  
Are plants that push into the light  
Within a garden purified,  
Where all earth's wrongs are right.  
Here are the ecstasies they spurned  
As we, who never clasped or kissed;  
Here are the melodies they missed—  
The raptures that the spirit earned.

“Lover, and canst thou answer this?  
Why mortals suffer such despair—  
Why sorrow lurketh in a kiss  
And love but proves the spirit's snare?  
If love is from a source divine  
What means the gall within the wine?”  
“Love faileth for the soul is small;  
Our mortal chalice is too weak;  
Great is the language love doth speak  
And great the souls that compass all.  
Dost thou remember two who stood  
Wedded and yet disconsolate  
Watching beside earth's heavy gate  
With wistful eyes for their lost good?



Broken in spirit, hand in hand,  
Through patient years, these lovers stand;  
One grief is ever in their heart,  
One theme the burden of their moan . . .  
And who hath seen the bird depart  
Or knoweth whither love hath flown?  
Oh, could they visit this pure place  
To find their virginal desire,  
To know again love's first embrace,  
Recapture love's supernal fire!"

All this my lover says to me  
When day is done and we are free.  
When our exultant souls at last,  
Dropping the fettered day beneath,  
Escape the chains that hold them fast,  
As lusty flowers cast their sheathe.

Why do we in the day forget  
The gardens where we go at night?  
Its memories may heal us yet; . . .  
Its silvered spaces, darkly white  
In magic ways may set at naught  
The havoc earth hath wrought.  
. . . Don't you recall it, peep by peep,  
How on the borderland of sleep,  
Wide gateways blooming out of green  
And sudden statues, dimly seen  
Ushered the soul to some new place  
To meet with Beauty face to face?

## II

### *Sleep Gardens*

'Tis not the land that mortals know,  
This silvered garden where we stray,  
This refuge where our spirits go  
From out the darkness of the day.  
Its flowers shine like candle light  
And when I touch them, one by one,  
These tiny tapers, brave and bright,  
Elude my fingers, like the sun.  
I cannot pluck them, though I try,  
For they are fixed as any star,  
Are never born, and never die—  
So strange the ways of Dreamland are!  
Yet when some mortal takes a rose  
In that far world from whence we came,  
I see the flicker of the flame  
As for awhile the blossom goes.  
Look! How a light went out, just then— . . .  
Yet, if I wait, it will return  
And like a tiny halo burn  
Across the downy grass again.  
For when from earth the rose has flown—  
Lo, here it leaps in fairy fire;  
No lovely thing that God hath grown  
Can ever vanish or expire.  
Earth's humblest blossoms all are here,

Nor scorned by shining asphodel;  
The buttercups I love so well,  
My meadow grasses, brown and dear. . . .  
And look! What spirit stuff is this  
That shimmers in familiar flight,  
Each blossom airy as a kiss  
Blown from the lips of night?

Ah, now I know! The four-o'-clocks  
Parading in ethereal frocks,  
Their glancing feet  
As white as wheat. . . .  
Sail faster, faster, little flocks!  
How well I know your saucy way,  
Like children loosed for play.  
The dearest flower of all to touch—  
Had mortals but the will to care—  
Hath grown from grieving over much  
And keeping courage through despair.  
God takes the sorrow that we bear  
With shining hands that never grope,  
And tenderly He weaves of it,  
With patience for the leaves of it,  
Love's blossom of immortal hope.  
Our tears and troubles all He takes  
And of our misery He makes  
An atmosphere like silver spray—  
Needles of fire that dart and play  
As from a fountain out of sight  
Whose subtle presence, through the night,

Hath made for us our heavenly tryst  
In miracles of bridal mist.

### III

#### *Mist*

How beautiful is mist that keeps  
Its muffled vigil everywhere,  
An immaterial gauze that creeps  
Across the colour of the air,  
An iridescence breathing o'er  
The silver sand of Dreamland's floor.  
Here, sleeping souls may softly pass  
And see the woes of earth arise,  
Beholding Time as in a glass  
Transmuted 'neath their dreaming eyes.  
For Day is but a darkened hour  
Whose petals open for relief;  
And all the passion of her grief  
Is but an opalescent shower,  
As if earth's sorrows, curling up  
In vapours of transfigured pain  
Had risen in one altar cup  
From hearts that loved in vain.

### IV

#### *Shadows*

Yet Dreamland is an eerie place,  
A phantom world of shadows tall,

Of hushes, holding in their thrall  
Whispers as delicate as lace.  
I go apart, I move apace. . . .  
And lo! The shadows turn to trees;  
My sight can surely compass these . . .  
The souls of trees I left behind.  
Yet when I touch their boughs to find  
The tender twig, the leafy spray . . .  
Behold, they vanish quite away!  
I wonder do they seem to me  
Wraith-like, because I am of earth,  
And were I of this Dreamland birth  
My hands would touch the solid tree?  
My baffled fingers reach and reach  
To feel their nothingness unfold—  
Dream curtains, blending each in each,  
Melting like mist within my hold.  
This emerald dusk, so softly lit,  
My sight can scarcely compass it . . .  
As 'twere the sea, yet not the sea—  
I marvel how such blue can be.  
Somewhere, I feel there shines a moon,  
But where, my vision knoweth not;  
The magic of remembered June  
Is woven with an age forgot.  
As if a pale green spirit star  
Through latticed windows overhead,  
With lustre shining from afar  
A pensive glamour shed.  
How delicate the pattern springs

In moon-medallions, row on row,  
Printing the night with fairy snow  
As if the dark were starred with wings!

V

*The Pine Tree*

Of all the trees that grow so tall  
And come up, smiling, from the day,  
The pine tree is the best of all—  
She has the noblest way.

“O pine tree, growing green and strong,  
Some counsel from thy strength I seek;  
The muffled way is white and long,  
And I am but a mortal weak;  
Canst thou to mortals speak?”

The pine tree lifted up her head. . . .  
A sigh was all the word she gave;  
A singing sigh that rose and spread,  
Breathing to silence, wave on wave.

“O pine tree, prove thyself a friend;  
Help me this mystery to see—  
These veils of beauty without end  
And naught but silence under me.  
Terror hath made my heart afraid,  
That Dreamland is so softly made.”

And then a sound, so high, so frail,  
And fine as tuning violins:

“Fear not if touch or vision fail—  
Where substance thins,  
There sound begins.”

No voice had spoken, yet I heard  
As in the night one hears a bird  
Whose summons like a spangled thread  
Makes beaded brightness overhead.  
And where the pine tree bade me wait,  
I, looking for an open gate,  
Found bars of music swinging clear  
That I might enter without fear.  
At first they seemed a ladder flung  
To guide my halting feet aright;  
Perhaps a golden signal hung  
To span the gulf with light.  
And when they opened wide to me  
I knew that death could yield no more,  
Nor Heaven could set the soul more free  
Greatly to conquer and explore  
The countries of eternity.

## VI

### *The Heavenly Birth*

My bridegroom comes to me at night,  
A being pure, a being white;

Blazing he is from core to core,  
Nor could my love ask more.  
And when I hide my eager face  
Within his wonderful embrace  
No less is he my lover than  
Were he a living, breathing man.

And this my lover tells me when  
I turn me to his arms again:—  
“If dreams were wedded to the earth  
And earth became the bride of dreams;  
If man would wear his heavenly birth  
More grandly than the birth that seems—  
Bodies would mirror God’s design,  
Mortal no longer, but divine.  
Go, look within some shining pool . . .  
Behold the Being God hath made,  
Of which thy flesh is but the tool;  
Witness the shape His hand portrayed.”

## VII

### *The Mirror in the Sky*

My lover bids me lightly wear  
A hood of stars about my hair;  
So for my own and his dear sake  
A dazzling chaplet I will take.  
But for the sake of God, I look  
To see my image in a brook . . .



A heavenly brook is made of sky,  
But rivers like the Milky Way  
Have banks of lilies foaming high  
In plumes of alabaster spray.  
"God, show me where Thy mirror lies  
That I may look within and see  
Without the blur of earth's disguise  
Thy pattern when Thou madest me."  
Such blinding ways this glamour hath  
Where fiery comets make a path  
As beautiful as goldenrod  
To grace the feet of God.

The pool of darkness grows apace,  
It widens to the farthest rim;  
I gaze within to see my face . . .  
And lo! His hosts of cherubim.  
"Why should the clay so clumsy seem  
That glows so whitely in my dream?  
Our earthly body shines not so  
With this immortal glow."

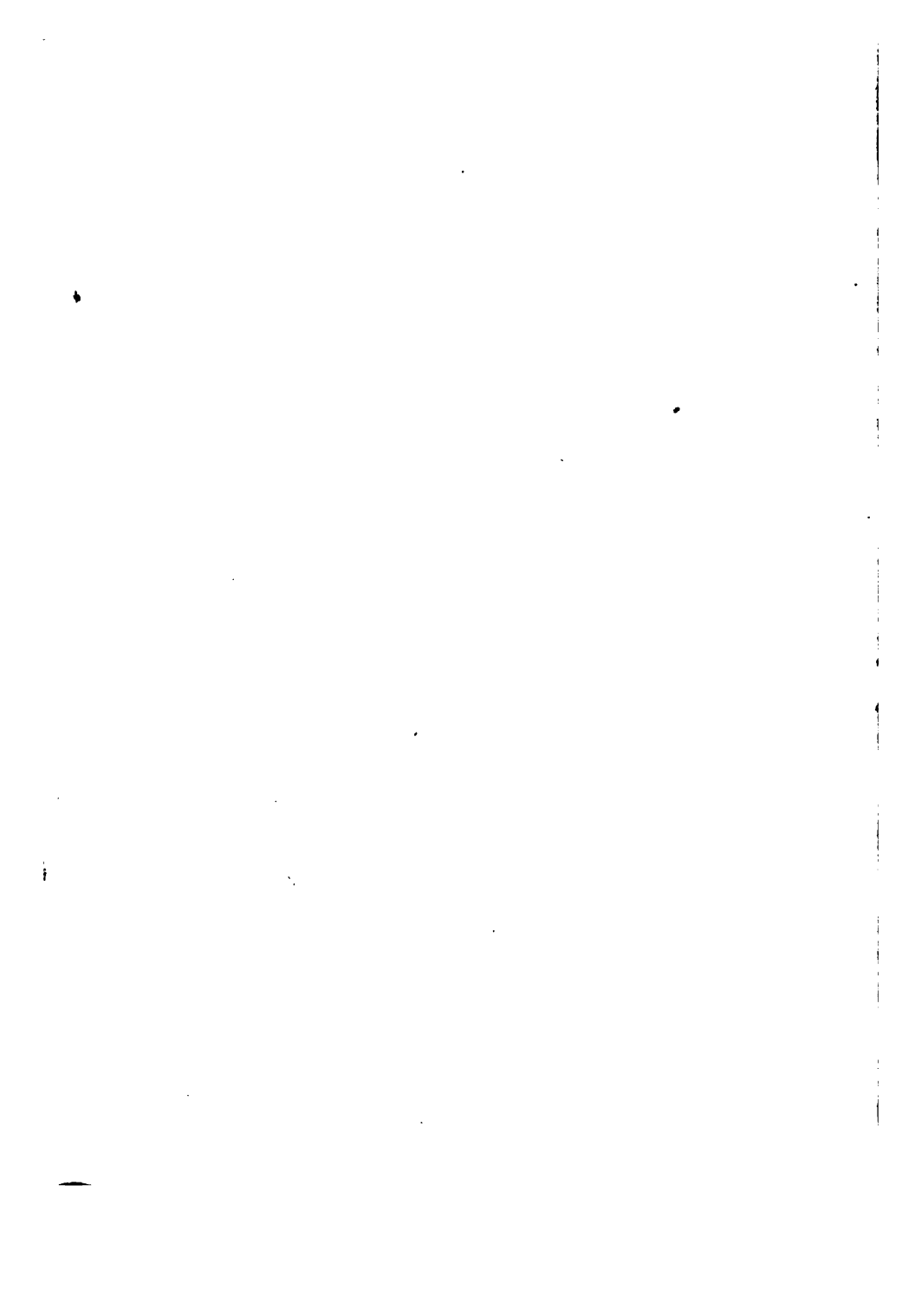
My Bridegroom only smiles to see  
How baffled mortal eyes can be.  
He is so greatly, fiercely kind—  
Not cold or pallid as we say  
The spirit should be. How I pray  
That earthly beings yet may find  
Such love as he has shown to me!

And knowest who this Bridegroom is?  
Ah, love, thy heart should tell thee this.  
For if thou lovest, lovest well . . .  
We need no word to tell.  
'Tis thou who comest in the night,  
When we, apart, yet hunger so,  
That our two beings, taking flight,  
Speeding through space without a bar,  
From world to wheeling world may go  
Treading superbly every star.

My Bridegroom comes to me at night  
And stayeth by me through the day.  
Your eyes nor mine may see him stay,  
And yet I glimpse him in the flight  
Of silver swallows skimming high,  
Or in the sweetness of the sky  
That cometh in the dim twilight. . . .  
I sensed him then—so close, so fine . . .  
An influence like some divine  
And dear caress upon my hair.  
Look! Shines a softness yonder, where  
Upon my table lies a book . . .  
Almost it seemed his golden look.

"Had mortals but the wit to use  
The radiant substance God hath spent,  
The spirit with the body fused,  
The body with the spirit blent,  
Immortal life would bloom to birth  
And Heaven clasp the hand of earth."

## VII



## RESURGAM

Out of the graves, a Summons;  
Out of the ruins, a Voice:—  
"O children of men  
'Tis the hour again  
Of earth's primeval choice,  
Whether to drift supinely  
Where chaos rides unfurled,  
Or gird the will divinely  
To re-create the world."  
Out of the wreck, a wailing  
And weeping in many lands;  
Oh, bitter and unavailing  
The plea of shrunken hands,  
And cruel the sound of crying  
Where children starve for bread. . . .  
Too soon the moan of the dying  
Is the silence of the dead!

Out of the graves, a Summons;  
Out of the sea, a Voice;  
For the great world call  
Hath garnered us all  
In one immortal choice;  
Whether to yield in meekness  
To War's devouring curse,  
Swept downward in our weakness  
With the crumbling universe,

Or, flaming with the vision  
That gilds the future's sky,  
Render the great decision  
That freedom shall not die!

Out of the lands, a moaning  
And gnashing of souls in pain;  
"O children of earth,  
Ye may bring to birth  
What the millions died to gain.  
Never shall truth surrender  
To the world's chaotic sin;  
But spur your souls to splendour  
That law and right shall win."  
O people of earth, be lavish!  
Let your love in rivers stream—  
Yours is the power  
To rear the tower  
Of God's triumphant dream.  
O children of men, be noble!  
Let your gold in plenty pour,  
For the graves of the earth are many  
And the wounds of the earth are sore.  
No price may pay  
For yesterday  
But *now* rings trumpet clear,  
To build the domes  
Of the Future's homes  
Above the roads of fear.

**Out of the tombs, a Summons,  
And the sound of a high command:  
"From the brutal waste  
Of destruction's haste  
Ye shall build the promised Land!"**

## WHEN NATURE WANTS A MAN

When Nature wants to drill a man  
And thrill a man,  
And skill a man,  
When Nature wants to mould a man  
To play the noblest part;  
When she yearns with all her heart  
To create so great and bold a man  
That all the world shall praise—  
Watch her methods, watch her ways!  
How she ruthlessly perfects  
Whom she royally elects;  
How she hammers him and hurts him  
And with mighty blows converts him  
Into trial shapes of clay which only Nature under-  
stands—  
While his tortured heart is crying and he lifts beseech-  
ing hands!—  
How she bends, but never breaks,  
When his good she undertakes . . .  
How she uses whom she chooses  
And with every purpose fuses him,  
By every art induces him  
To try his splendour out—  
Nature knows what she's about.

When Nature wants to take a man  
And shake a man  
And wake a man;



When Nature wants to make a man  
To do the Future's will;  
When she tries with all her skill  
And she yearns with all her soul  
To create him large and whole . . .  
With what cunning she prepares him!  
How she goads and never spares him,  
How she whets him and she frets him  
And in poverty begets him . . .  
How she often disappoints  
Whom she sacredly anoints,  
With what wisdom she will hide him,  
Never minding what betide him  
Though his genius sob with slighting and his pride  
    may not forget!  
Bids him struggle harder yet.  
Makes him lonely  
So that only  
God's high messages shall reach him,  
So that she may surely teach him  
What the Hierarchy planned.  
Though he may not understand  
Gives him passions to command—  
How remorselessly she spurs him,  
With terrific ardour stirs him  
When she poignantly prefers him!

When Nature wants to name a man  
And fame a man  
And tame a man;

When Nature wants to shame a man  
To do his heavenly best . . .  
When she tries the highest test  
That her reckoning may bring—  
When she wants a god or king!—  
How she reins him and restrains him  
So his body scarce contains him  
While she fires him  
And inspires him!  
Keeps him yearning, ever burning for a tantalising  
goal—  
Lures and lacerates his soul.  
Sets a challenge for his spirit,  
Draws it higher when he's near it—  
Makes a jungle, that he clear it;  
Makes a desert, that he fear it  
And subdue it if he can—  
So doth Nature make a man.  
Then, to test his spirit's wrath  
Hurls a mountain in his path—  
Puts the bitter choice before him  
And relentlessly stands o'er him.  
"Climb, or perish!" so she says . . .  
Watch her purpose, watch her ways!

Nature's plan is wondrous kind  
Could we understand her mind . . .  
Fools are they who call her blind.  
When his feet are torn and bleeding  
Yet his spirit mounts unheeding,

All his higher powers speeding  
Blazing newer paths and fine;  
When the force that is divine  
Leaps to challenge every failure and his ardour still  
is sweet  
And love and hope are burning in the presence of  
defeat . . .  
Lo, the crisis! Lo, the shout  
That must call the leader out.  
When the people need salvation  
Doth he come to lead the nation . . .  
Then doth Nature show her plan  
When the world has found—a man!

## GOD PRAYS

Last night I tossed and could not sleep.  
When sodden heavens weep and weep,  
As they have wept for many a day,  
One lies awake to fear and pray.  
One thinks of bodies blown like hail  
Across the sky where angels quail;  
One's sickened pulses leap and hark  
To hear the Horror in the dark.  
"What is thy will for the people, God?  
Thy will for the people, tell it me!  
For War is swallowing up the sod  
And still no help from Thee.  
Thou, who art mighty, hast forgot;  
And art Thou God, or art Thou not?  
When wilt Thou come to save the earth  
Where death has conquered birth?"

And the Lord God whispered and said to me,  
"These things shall be, these things shall be,  
Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies  
Till the people rise!  
Till the people rise, my arm is weak;  
I cannot speak till the people speak;  
When men are dumb, my voice is dumb—  
I cannot come till my people come."  
And the Lord God's presence was white, so white,  
Like a pillar of stars against the night.  
"Millions on millions pray to me

Yet hearken not to hear me pray;  
Nor comes there any to set me free  
Of all who plead from night to day.  
So God is mute and Heaven is still  
While the nations kill."

"Thy people have travailed much!" I cried.  
"I travail even as they," God sighed.  
"I have cradled their woe since the stars were  
young—

My infant planets were scarcely hung  
When I dreamed the dream of my liberty  
And planned a people to utter me.  
I am the Pang of their discontent,  
The Passion of their long lament;  
I am the Purpose of their pain,  
I writhe beneath their chain."

"But Thou art mighty, and needst no aid.  
Can God, the Infinite, be afraid?"

"They, too, are God, yet know it not.  
'Tis they, not I, who have forgot.  
And War is drinking the living sod,"  
Said God.

"Thy people are fettered by iron laws  
And each must follow a country's cause,  
And all are sworn to avenge their dead—  
How may the people rise?" I said.  
And then—God's face! It was white, so white  
With the grief that sorroweth day and night.

"Think you I planted my Image there  
That men should trample it to despair?  
Who fears the throe that rebellion brings  
Hath bartered God for the will of kings."  
"Help them stand, O Christ!" I prayed.  
"Thy people are feeble and sore afraid."  
"My people are strong," God whispered me,  
"Broad as the land, great as the sea;  
They will tower tall as the tallest skies,  
Up to the level of my eyes,  
When they dare to rise.  
Yea, all my people, everywhere!  
Not in one land of black despair  
But over the flaming earth and sea  
Wherever wrong and oppression be  
The shout of my people must come to me.  
Not till their spirit break the curse  
May I claim my own in the universe;  
And this the reason of war and blood—  
That men may come to their angelhood.  
If the people rise, if the people rise,  
I will answer them from the swarming skies  
Where Herculean hosts of might  
Shall spring to splendour over night.  
Blazing systems of sun and star  
Are not so great as my people are,  
Nor chanting angels so sweet to hear  
As the Voice of the nations, freed from fear.  
They are my mouth, my breath, my soul!  
I wait their summons to make me whole."

All night I toss and cannot sleep;  
When shattered heavens weep and weep  
As they have wept for many days  
I know at last 'tis God who prays.

*NOTE:—Announcement has just come to the author of this poem that it is one of the prize winners in the yearly contest of the Poetry Society of America.*

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## TORCH OF THE WORLD

*Dedicated to President Wilson, Who Has Given a  
New Ideal to the Nations.*

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light;  
they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them  
hath the light shined."—Isaiah ix. 2.

Ring it aloud from the steeple,  
Say it with trumpet and pen;  
Freedom at last for the people,  
Peace and protection for men!  
Sing to the sibilant wire  
That the day of fulfilment is here—  
Cry it through thunder and fire,  
"Nations shall live without fear."  
All that the prophets have prayed for,  
The centuries struggled to gain,  
This is my Country arrayed for—  
To shatter the rod and the chain.  
This hath America paid for—  
No price shall her people withhold,  
Though we pour us a pathway of silver,  
And carpet the ocean with gold.  
Naught doth America covet  
Of victory over the sea!  
Only to utter above it  
The Truth that hath rendered her free.

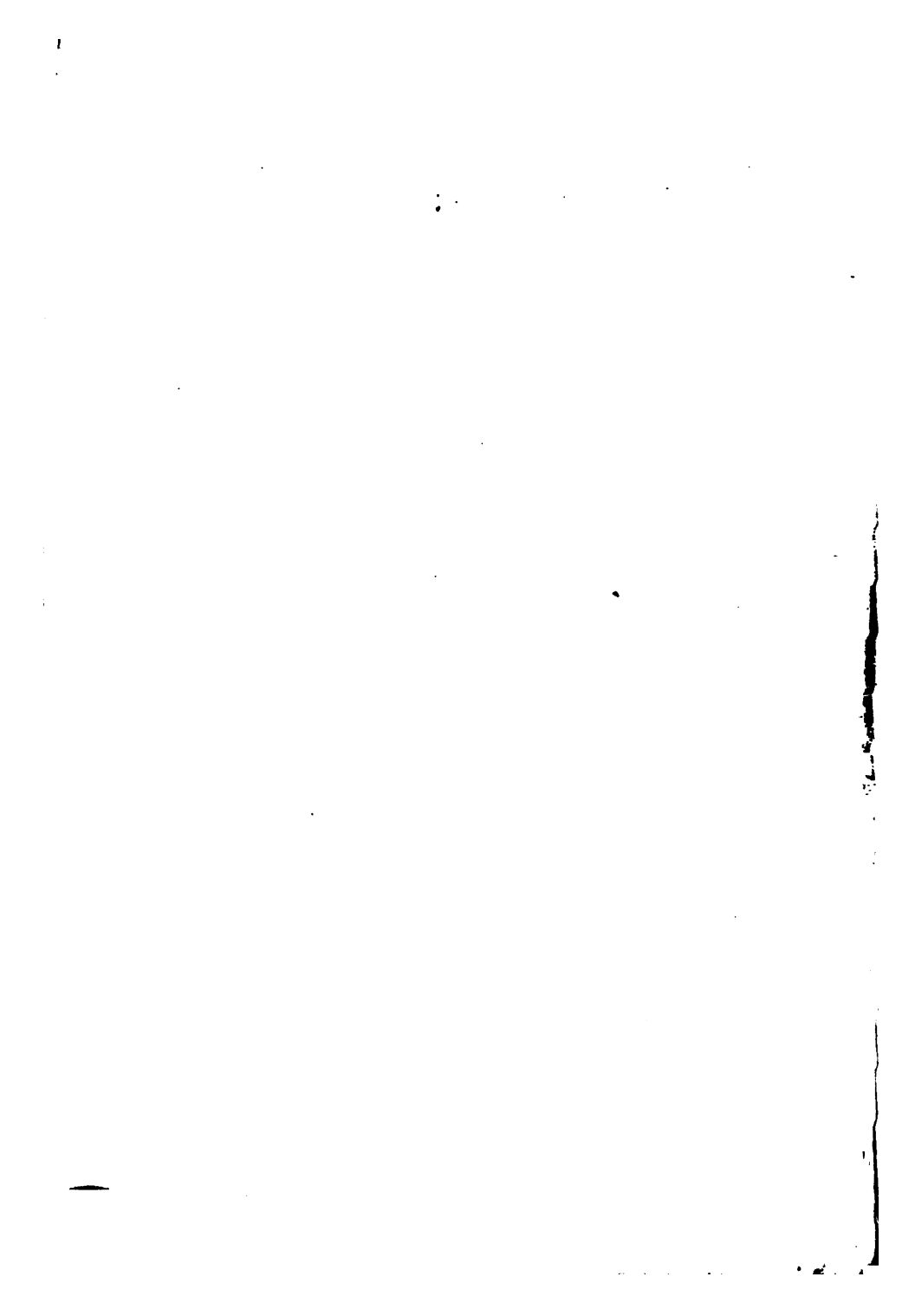


Only to speak as a nation  
The message that millions must heed—  
“Look to the people’s salvation!  
For service is higher than greed.”  
Ring it aloud from the steeple,  
Tell it from tower and hill—  
Safety and strength for the people,  
Charity, hope and good will;  
Say to the publishing breeze  
There is sight for the eyes of the blind,  
Freedom and faith on the seas,  
Justice and peace for mankind.

Lift ye the song of our Mother,  
Who hath nourished the world at her breast,  
“Nations shall live with each other,  
Toiling as brother with brother  
To succour the weak and opprest,”  
*What should she limit or measure,  
Who is handmaid and help of the Lord?*  
Sworn to the end of her treasure,  
She will conquer the militant sword.  
Ring it aloud from the steeple,  
Tell it from tower and dome,  
“Freedom at last for the people,  
The end of destruction hath come!”  
O Country, whose noble confession  
Hath given the voiceless a tongue,  
Who hath sounded the doom of oppression  
As far as thine armies are flung,

To the crippled and weak of the nations  
Hast thou uttered the Master's decree,  
And thy word, it hath set the foundations  
Of that glorious Kingdom to be.  
Come swiftly, O wondrous to-morrow  
That shall render to Justice a soul,  
When the nations shall rise from their sorrow,  
The sick and the helpless be whole.  
Let us cry it aloud from the steeple,  
Let us shout where the darkness is hurled,  
"Lo, look to the light of the people,  
AMERICA, Torch of the world!"







**This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building**

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